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Dulles Took Most Stories To Grave

By FLORA LEWIS

NEW YORK—Allen Dulles died quietly last week; at 75, after a career that alternated between the spotlight and the darkest corners of government.

As the father of the Central Intelligence Agency, he embodied to many the devil incarnate, a perplexing kind of devil in baggy tweeds, who sucked ruminatively on his pipe and leaned back in his leather chair calmly contemplating the universe. He didn't answer the attacks and told few of the stories which might have helped explain his easy conscience as master of spies and subverter of governments.

Part of the perplexity was due to the silence imposed by his profession. It is a grim one, and despite the notion which grew up of CIA omnipotence and omniscience, it is conducted under almost overwhelming handicaps by its American practitioner. One story never yet told reflects the basic circumstances.

THE NUMBER OF effective Soviet agents in the West has been great, as shown by the many caught in the last generation who themselves must be assumed to represent the visible tip of the iceberg. In that time, there has been only one high-level espionage penetration of the Soviets. It was Col. Oleg Penkovsky, a Soviet intelligence officer who made contact first in London and then operated for a relatively brief time as the most successful Moscow agent the U. S. ever acquired.

Tremendous effort was taken to protect the secret but Penkovsky was soon uncovered and executed in Moscow in 1962. It is the way the Russians caught him that shows what the CIA is up against.

When he was unmasked, a massive investigation was begun in the U. S. to find the leak, a reflex of all intelligence services when they lose a man. It was discovered that a young G.I., Sgt. Jack Dunlap of Bogalusa, La., who National Security Agency and had five children, was regularly driving to work in a Cadillac,

owned an expensive sports car and otherwise lived far beyond his official pay. He had been doing it for several years and no one seemed to notice.

Dunlap's dreams of splendor had decided him some years before to contact the Soviets in Washington. That only takes a phone call. They provided him with what his wife later said was between \$30,000 and \$40,000 a year, a suitable camera and film.

IN RETURN, he stopped in his messenger's cubicle for a few minutes every time he took a sheaf of papers from one official's "out" box to another's "in box and photographed them all. From the flow of documents, Moscow saw that the U. S. did have a new source of information, narrowed the list of suspects by the secrets provided, and pinpointed Penkovsky.

As American agents began to close in on Dunlap, he committed suicide. His equipment and compromising documents were found in his house and his wife told more of the story. Later, the suicide was revealed "in connection with espionage," but not the link to Penkovsky.

There are weak and vulnerable people in every country. Dunlap had succumbed to temptation. When the officer in charge of security was reproached for his lax personnel policy, he protested, "What do you want me to do? Run a goddamned Gestapo?"

"Yes," answered a civilian with intelligence duties. He didn't mean it that way, but he meant that such a lapse could never have happened in Moscow. Workers with access to important secrets, even in the most trivial jobs like Dunlap's are kept under total and constant surveillance. "we never can get anywhere near them," he said later.

YET IN THIS atomic age as never before, everyone's safety depends on knowing the opponent's capacity, likely intentions, and what he may know of ours. Spying is sordid, but hurt more. An when you don't know, the tendency is to operate on the basis of fear.